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What the Master Found.

The night was shading the landscape with winter twilight when the man entered this town. He was no common man, and was bent upon no ordinary mission. An empire was to be overthrown, and upon its ruins a new kingdom established. It was an enterprise environed with peril. Already it had cost precious lives and priceless fortunes. The man bore himself as one who journeys through a hostile country, knowing that his enemies swarmed about him, vigilant, fearless, powerful. He took from his breast a little book and glanced at the list of names written therein.

'I have in this community,' he said, 'a band of five hundred friends, who have vowed ever to be loyal to me, faithful to my cause. They know that it is in danger. This is the night of their own appointment for meeting me, that I may instruct and encourage and strengthen them.'

The deep tone of the bell broke upon the air. 'It is the signal for their gathering,' said the man, and hastened forward. Soon he paused before a large building, which, save for one dimly lighted room in the rear of the basement, was empty, and silent. A man, evidently on guard, stood near the door. He started as the stranger saluted him.

'I am expecting to meet some friends here to-night.'

The janitor looked suspiciously at him.

'You'll have to wait, then,' he said presently. 'There won't be anybody around here for half an hour yet.'

'You are a member of the band that assembles here?'

'Um,' replied the janitor.

'Is there great zeal among the brethren of the fraternity? Are you united, loyal, eager, aggressive?'

'Well,' replied the janitor cautiously, 'things are a little quiet with us at present. Times are hard, and there's a good deal of opposition. We have had a great many things to discourage us. Maybe in a couple of months we may get some outside help and shake things up a little; but we don't feel justified in making any effort right now. Will you walk in?'

The stranger entered the room indicated by a sweep of the janitor's hand. Presently an old woman came in, glanced timidly about her, and sat down as far away from the stranger as she could get. By and by came two women. Then a bevy of young girls fluttered in, sat down, bent their heads together for a convulsed giggle, and lapsed into silence. A lame man limped to a seat behind the stove. After a while a group of women rustled in, one of them leading a reluctant boy. A tired-looking man, in laborer's garb, sank wearily into a seat apart from the rest. After a long interval there entered a man in black, who stealthily tip-toed his way to a seat behind the others. Others came dropping in, until twenty-three were assembled in or rather scattered through the room. They were evidently there in peril of their lives. Everything disclosed a sense of half-restrained fear. The repeated glance at the clock; the painful intenseness with which they listened to every

approaching footfall until it passed; the quickness with which all eyes were turned toward the door as often as it was opened, deepened the impression that this was an unlawful assembly.

The stranger softly passed out, no one barring his way. Glancing at his book by the wind-shaken light of the street lamps he went searching for his absent friends. Three of them he found on a street corner discussing the political problems of the government under which they lived. Seven men he found in a club-room, reading, chatting, smoking. A score he found at public entertainments; a few at their places of business laying in wait for belated customers; a half-dozen at a progressive euchre party. Some were in a neighbor's house whiling away the hour by social intercourse. Many were at home, some too tired to go out, because they had been out all day and were planning to go out again to-morrow, and some doing nothing and wearily tired of it. A few were sick; a few ministering to them. Some were curing convenient headaches by reading the latest novels. So in the course of the evening the band of five hundred was accounted for. Twenty-three at the rendezvous

—four hundred and seventy-seven here, there and elsewhere; dawdling, sleeping—a discouraging outlook for a struggling revolution.

'And what is all this ancient history?' you ask.

Oh, nothing much. And not so very ancient, either. Only, Jesus Christ dropped in at a recent prayer-meeting in your church. That was all. And where did he find you?—Robert J. Burdette in 'Zion's Advocate.'

The Family.

In view of the fact that the family is the fundamental unit of society, it has always seemed to us that it receives a very inadequate attention from the pulpit. The significance of the function of the family, the duties of its members, and whatever may ennoble its life, seem to be overlooked in general by the ministry. Preaching is to individuals, but it may be with reference to institutions. We once knew a pastor who established a family service every two months, holding it on the month in which the communion service did not occur, on the first Sunday of the month. It was an opportunity for the baptism of chil-



—'Children's Friend.'

dren. The ordinance was given a large and conspicuous place in the administration of the church, but the main use of that day was a sermon bearing upon some aspect of family life. At first, the pastor was fearful he should find a lack of themes, but as time went on, he found a superabundance of them. An ideal family life, the duties of the father, the duties of the mother, the duties of the children, the duties of the brother, the duties of the sister, the intellectual atmosphere to be maintained, the social relationships to be formed, the educational plans, the determining of life plans, family worship, home teaching, the ordering of amusements, the kind of reading, the outside relations of the family, the training of children unto obedience, in economy, —all these things furnish no end of matter for preaching and for consideration, and in the experience of this pastor, nothing was more satisfactory, nothing more generally interesting to the people than the family sermon. It came close to life, it dealt with practical exigencies, it entered into the midst of the most tender relationships of human experience, and very numerous were the expressions on the part of parents and of young people, of high appreciation of the help which they had received in their lives and in the conducting of other lives. —Selected.

Hope.

Hope is the anchor of the soul,
A sure and steadfast stay,
When billows wildly tossing, roll,
And spars are snapped away.

Though near the reefs our bark is cast,
And frowning rocks appear,
Let but the anchor, Hope, hold fast,
And vain is every fear.

But Hope in what? An anchor cast
Upon the ship's own deck,
And tossed by every gale that blows,
She soon must float a wreck.

But cast it into waters deep,
Where, fastened to the rock,
It firmly holds; though tempests sweep,
It still will bear the shock.

The Soul whose hopes are anchored fast
On Christ, the Rock above,
Need fear no gale, need dread no blast,
For that great Rock is Love.

—'Onward.'

A Labrador Letter.

OF ICEBERGS AND OTHER MATTERS.

North Labrador, SS. 'Strathcona.'

Dear Editor,—For nearly a month we have had easterly winds and an unmovable wet blanket in actual fact. We have, however, been able to muddle along 'Down North,' though we had a squeak one day which afforded a new sensation to our American friends on board. We were running along at full speed in very thick fog, framing a course to just clear some nasty shoals on our port hand before we could change our course round a certain cape. There was nothing outside of us and we had seen no ice of late, being just merged from the Gulf. So we went below to dinner, telling our reliable man Bill to report land as soon as he saw anything, and instructed the man at the wheel if he heard a shout, to 'port' his helm hard. The soup was still on the table when a loud shouting above made us leap on deck to see the ship going full tilt into an enormous iceberg which seemed right at the end of the bowsprit. This unexpected monster was on our starboard bow, and the order left to avoid the shoal was putting us head first into it. Our only chance was full speed and a starboard helm, and as we grazed along the side of it we felt we didn't know everything about navigation down here yet. The business we had in hand next was such an absolute antithesis to this experience. It seemed almost ludicrous a few hours later to pick up a large island and run into a harbor with grassy sloping sides, out of which the fog bank was shut like a wall, and then to go ashore and bargain over the buying of

a couple of cows, which were being sold as the settler was moving to the mainland. Cows are poor shipmates in small row boats such as we only had to row them off in, and even though we made belly-bands out of canvas and tried to haul them over the rail by the main throat haulyard, we found them the awkwardest things imaginable, and all hands stood from underneath till each poor cow was far enough up to fall inboard, if any of the improvised tackle gave way. There was the usual sick to see, a question of how to go about getting a school to settle, and then our cows began to enjoy a sensation new to them of rolling along under the same old dark blanket.

While we were taking wharf sticks aboard at our next port of call, a large iceberg which had drifted into the cove, collapsed with the rear of a cannon, scattering the ice into morsels all around our ship. There are only three families living here, all unmistakably Irish, in name, vivacity and hospitality. One had nine children and one six. A steamer had called in this place early in the season and had dropped a family for the fishing, who were carrying the infection of scarlet fever. The result had been disastrous, and we had a peck of trouble before leaving. Moreover, I had to carry off the father of the nine with commencing spinal curvature and inability to walk. I noticed on the end of a spare crutch he had been using, a large flat board, which puzzled me at first. 'Begorra that's its snow shoe, Dochter,' it keeps herself from sinking in.' 'How on earth have you fed that lot, Pat, in winter?' 'Well, it's been hard work indeed. Only flour and a drop of water inside, and sure we wouldn't 'a had that but for Doctor—from 't' hospital. 'Tis the hunger what's the worst.' As my eyes ranged over the blue-eyed, curly-headed children—a melee of true little Celts, apparently absolutely happy, and certainly supremely naked, sentiment awayed in my mind enough to impel me to venture on a 'few old clothes.' Though of course some would say that was pauperising them. Perhaps it was. I should, however, plead not guilty.

I now moved down to the next house, where were only six little ones, and having finished swabbing out throats and dressing swollen necks, and lecturing on future disinfection, I offered the suggestion—'Would you like me to help you out of this to America?' 'Why,' replied the father at once: 'Tis only two years we've come here, and we like it better than Boston anyhow.' He added: 'Please God, we shall be well off in a year or two.' Support to this contention was afforded us yesterday at another group of islands 150 miles north of the Straits of Belle Isle, well out in the Polar Atlantic. We had been holding evening service in a settler's house. He was the father of twelve children, ten alive and well—eight big boys. Some years ago he moved to Nova Scotia and tried all sorts of work, but could make no headway, and having a little money left, after 18 months he came back to Labrador. He has now a fine winter house in the Bay, a good schooner, two large fish traps and two fine American-built fishing boats. He 'tails,' with his son over four hundred traps in the winter, and at his summer house his grandchildren sit on his knee. His ever-smiling, well tanned face, his broad, deep chest, and his powerful build speaking volumes for what Labrador can do when taken rightly. This man's brother, with seven grown girls and two sons, is a 'great neighbor' in these 'lonely' parts.

The already heavy sea bounding up against the cliffs, increased unpleasantly, before we made out our next headland, and suddenly the heavy fog shut down and nothing was visible. We might have 'heaved to' all right and waited, but as the least objectionable alternative, we decided to haul in and try to make out the land—never too easy to recognize for want of land marks. It is no easier when only the mere bases of the cliffs are visible, and even that when there is but one 'sea' left between you and these bases. We made it, however, safely, and were running placidly along, when an unexpected cape rose on our weather bow. It proved to be a large berg aground, with only just room left to pass between it and the shore. A stranger would have felt uncomfortable, but the huge mass above water meant plenty of depth all round, and being aground it couldn't reach us against the cliff unless it

broke up at the exact moment we passed between them. So our tight little ship shot safely through between these chained black and white lions.

WILFRED T. GRENFELL, M.D.

Religious Notes.

A visitor to Mexico recently reported, on returning to the United States, that the Christian Church was losing more Americans in Mexico than it was saving Mexicans. There is the same leakage in other lands. No greater problem confronts the Christian Church than the problem of saving its own people who go out on commercial and political errands to the mission fields. The number who go on such errands is steadily increasing, and there are in many cities on the mission fields now communities of English-speaking people ranging from one to ten thousand population.

From Santiago, Chili, Doctor Lester, the pastor of the Union Church, writes in an appeal for the provision of facilities for reaching young men: 'The number of unmarried men, American as well as English and Scotch, is increasing. Without home influences and surrounded by peculiar temptations, so many of them go to the bad. The saddest feature of my ministerial experience is the shipwreck of so many fine young fellows.'

The foreign mission boards of the United States and Canada, realizing that in any such work they must act together, have appointed a committee to look after the religious needs of these communities to co-operate with the Christian men and women in these communities in the building and maintenance of union churches.

William T. Stead said, 'South Africa is the product of three forces—conquest, trade and missions—and of the three, the first counts for the least, and the last for the greatest factor in the expansion of civilization in Africa.'

On the 23rd of October, 1876, a party of missionaries encamped for the night under a fig-tree amid the ruins of a native village among the Shire hills of Central Africa. They had been sent out by the Church of Scotland to found a mission to the tribes of that region as the Church's best and most lasting memorial of the great missionary and traveller, David Livingstone. They had come to stay, and they named the place 'Blantyre,' after the little town on the Clyde where Livingstone was born. The fig-tree grows there still, but the village ruins are gone long ago. In their place stands the oldest missionary establishment in all that country, with its church and schools, its hospital and workshops, its fields and gardens.

Out of the ruins of the old native village where the first mission party camped thirty years ago, there has risen a mission with 4 European stations, 8 native stations, 9 native churches with a communion roll of 1,013 communicants, and a catechumens' roll of 831 members. Blantyre is now the chief centre of trade and commerce in Central Africa, and the residence of a European community numbering over 150. The country is under the protection of the British flag, and the old days of raiding and slavery are over, and gone. Peace and security of life and property are assured to the native peoples all over the country. Everywhere the door stands wide open to the messengers of the Gospel of Peace.—'Uganda Notes.'

The April issue of the Tamil Literature 'Bulletin,' under the editorial charge of the Rev. A. C. Clayton, shows that a real effort is being made among the missionaries of many societies to combine for the production of more and more satisfactory Christian literature in the vernacular. The 'Bulletin' contains what is quite a long list of books in preparation. Several of these are Biblical works. In future all the MSS. of the Madras Religious Tract Society are to be submitted to the Tamil Literature sub-committee, which is one of the fruits of the Decennial Conference. This is a step in the direction of unity and simplicity of organization; for the MSS. of the Christian Literature Society have been passed through this sub-committee for some time.



LESSON.—SUNDAY, OCTOBER 20, 1907.

The Capture of Jericho.

Joshua 6: 8-20. Memory verse, 20. Read Joshua 5-8.

Golden Text.

By faith the walls of Jericho fell down after they were compassed about seven days. Heb. 11: 30.

Home Readings.

Monday, Oct. 14.—Josh. v., 10-vi., 7.
 Tuesday, Oct. 15.—Josh. vi., 8-27.
 Wednesday, Oct. 16.—Josh. vii., 1-26.
 Thursday, Oct. 17.—Josh. vii., 1-17.
 Friday, Oct. 18.—Josh. vii., 18-35.
 Saturday, Oct. 19.—II. Chron. xx., 1-19.
 Sunday, Oct. 20.—II. Chron. xx., 20-37.

FOR THE JUNIOR CLASSES.

Did you ever see a city with walls built around it? You know in our own land the old city of Quebec still has the walls that were built around it long ago, but nowadays we don't build such walls. Long ago, however, all cities of importance had stone walls and at night the gates into the city would be shut and people could not go in or out. You remember in our last lesson we learnt how the Israelites with Joshua for their leader crossed over the river Jordan and camped on the western shore. They had now entered the land to which God had been leading them for all those years in the wilderness, but had they done all there was to do? No indeed. Suppose some one gave you a gold mine would you only have to go and pick up the gold? No you would have to dig for it. Suppose some one gave you a book would you know all there was inside it just because you owned it? No, you would have to read it. And that is something that you always ought to remember, that anything that is worth having in this world must be worked for. So with the Israelites; God had brought them to this new land but they had their share to do, and here lying right in their way was a city that they had to take before they could go any further. It was a strong city with walls all round it and the gates were fastlocked so that no one could go out or in for the people in the city were very frightened of the Israelites. And the Israelites did not have any cannons because they were not invented then, or anything with which to break down the walls. What were they to do?

The description of the fall of Jericho will be of the greatest interest and the whole lesson should be applied to the conquering and utter destruction of the evil that lies in our path toward the land God has called us to enter.

FOR THE SENIORS.

The whole lesson for to-day calls for the exercise both of the truest faith and the truest common sense. Faith in the acknowledgment that God's ways are just and beyond our finite comprehension, and common sense in the admission that our privileges and age of grace have given us a very much higher ideal than it was possible to instil all at once into a nation of lately released slaves in the world's early history. Joshua is firm on one point: they are not to regard this as a war of personal aggrandisement. This is the Lord's war. Everything is devoted to Him. His purposes call for the extinction of the nations whose vile heathen practices if they were spared would shortly demoralize the only half-formed nationalism and religion of Israel. The indestructible precious metals were to be devoted to God's service. The justification of this

course, if justification be needed, may be found in the years of slow progress and frequent fall that followed the Israelites' laxity in carrying out these commands. Half measures in this case were not mercy but cowardice and self-indulgence. As to the miracle of the city's fall, whether accomplished through the medium of sound vibrations, or timely earthquake, or the direct work of God: all were alike subject to God's will, creatures of his power, and their exercise at his command. The application of the lesson story to our spiritual struggle is forcible. In this, extinction is the only course, half-way measures are self-destruction, and trust in God indispensable to victory.

(SELECTIONS FROM TARBELL'S 'GUIDE'.)

God is ever to be recognized as the Great Commander, in whose service whatever is attempted is to be prosecuted trustfully to the final issue. God is never to be thought of, or called on, as if He were a quartermaster or commissary to furnish supplies in behalf of a campaign 'planned and directed by one possessed of mere human knowledge and power. God is to be served and treated as man's ruler. God is not to be summoned as man's mere servant or helper. Man is ever to put faith first, faith next, and faith always, and his commonsense or his greatest wisdom is ever to be subordinate to his faith.—Editorial in Sunday School 'Times'.

Faith Surmounts Every Obstacle.—If I were no longer a Christian I would not serve the Emperor another hour. If I did not put my trust in God, I should certainly place none in earthly masters. If I did not believe in a divine Providence which has ordained this German nation to something good and great, I would at once give up my trade as a statesman, or I would never have gone into the business. Deprive me of this faith, and you deprive me of my fatherland. If you trust in God and yourself, you can surmount every obstacle. One must not always be asking what may happen to one in life, but one must advance fearlessly and bravely.—Bismarck.

The Moral Training of Delay.—Did we get everything we asked for in the very hour of the asking, I think it would be a long farewell to manhood. The one sure way to ruin a child is to give it immediately all for which it asks; and to the Ancient of Days I fancy the oldest here are but as little children. Work reveals character but so does waiting. Waiting shows the baby or the man. We need to be tested to prove if we be worthy to receive and use the thing we crave.—G. H. Morrison.

God has promised to satisfy—but He did not say when. God has time enough, and so have you. God has boundless resources, and His resources are yours. Can you not trust Him? Trust and wait. He knows what is best for you. He has reason for denying you now, but in the end He will satisfy.—M. D. Babcock.

There is something better than understanding God, and that is trusting Him.—G. H. Knight.

Man is a spiritual Columbus, who is happier for believing in his undiscovered country before he sees its outlines.—N. D. Hillis.

BIBLE REFERENCES.

Lev. xxvii., 28, 29; Josh. xxiii., 3; II. Chron. xix., 11; Prov. xvi., 16-32; I. Cor. i., 27; xv., 58; Eph. vi., 10-18; Rev. ii., 7; ii., 12.

Junior C. E. Topic.

Sunday, October 20.—Topic—The duties of the day, Prov. xxiv., 30-34; Rom. xii., 11.

C. E. Topic.**SHIRKING DUTY.**

Monday, Oct. 14.—Running into trouble. Jonah i., 4-10.

Tuesday, Oct. xv.—Jonah's punishment. Jonah i., 11-17.

Wednesday, Oct. 16.—Jonah's prayer. Jonah ii., 1-10.

Thursday, Oct. 17.—What Jonah knew. Jonah iv., 2.

Friday, Oct. 18.—No hiding from God. Ps. cxxxix., 7-12.

Saturday, Oct. 19.—Going where God sends. Acts. xxxvi., 15-20.

Sunday, Oct. 27.—Topic—Missions in the lands of the Atlantic. Isa. xlii., 10.

What a Wise Teacher Will Do.

A wise teacher will prepare the way for the study of the lesson at home by previous explanation, just enough to start young truth seekers in the right direction. The children are accustomed to having this done for them in their day-school lessons; at least this is so with those who have trained teachers. It is contrary to the best methods of teaching to set young minds to work on unknown subjects. A child could hardly be expected to become enthusiastic by himself, in studying a question book or lesson paper; but he can be made so through the power of the teacher to arouse him. This end is sometimes gained by making assignments of different things to do in connection with the new lesson; for example, a map to be drawn, a picture of some edifice mentioned in the lesson, brief biographies of the several characters named, giving facts to be found outside the lesson, etc.

The Power of a Godly Life.

That well-known trainer of Sunday school teachers, the Rev. Dr. Schauffler, says:

'I had a teacher in our school who used to be a sailor—a godly man. He knew little of history, and nothing of science; but he knew Jesus. He so taught the class that everyone found the Saviour, and made public confession. By and by he came to me and said: "Take my class away. I am uneducated. I can't lead them any higher, but I have led them to Christ. Give me," he said, "a new class that does not know Christ."

'I gave him a new class, and before he died every one had found the Saviour. What was the potency in that uneducated man? Was it not his humble trust in Him who can sanctify whatever word is spoken?'

Cause of Failure Among the Sunday School Teachers.

You Do Not Prepare.—True, you may have studied and taught this very lesson once before—and may have done it poorly enough. But if well at that time, you are rusty now. Besides, you are older, and better teaching is reasonably expected of you. Well once would be poor now.

A sensible merchant replenishes his stock, and makes his show-cases and windows more and more attractive, or he will lose trade. Brush up, brother, sister. You've been doing business too long on that old stock. Lay in a new supply. The best wells will run dry if all springs fail.—'Evangelical Sunday School Teacher.'

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BOYS AND GIRLS

The Voice of God.

My Dear Children,—I hope all of you speak to God. What we call praying is speaking to God. Each morning as you kneel and say 'Our Father,' and each evening as you ask Jesus to guard you through the night, you speak to God. And God hears your voice.

But I wonder do you ever think that God speaks to you? It is beautiful that we should be able to speak to God, it is more beautiful, I think, that God should be willing to speak to us. It is perhaps the most beautiful thing in our world, that if we listen we shall hear the voice of God.

Will you count how often the words 'The voice of the Lord,' occur in this Psalm—the 29th—and think with me how God speaks to us?

God has, first, what I would call a very beautiful voice. I think you can guess what that voice is. It is speaking to us now, in long summer days, in the blue sky, in the waving of green trees, in the singing of birds, in the scent of flowers, in everything that makes us glad in the world's sunshine.

God's world is very beautiful, and I should like to train your eyes to see the beauty of which this world is full. Open your eyes wide to see it. Artists, too, will help you. Try and see good pictures. And poets will help you—especially the poet Wordsworth. Look out every day for beautiful things in the world and love them. But I want you to do more than this. I want you to remember that everything beautiful is a voice of God. In the rush of spring, in the gladness of summer, in the glory of autumn, in the white stillness of winter, in birds and flowers, and every beautiful thing in the world, that makes you happy, God is speaking to you. He is telling you of His love, and of His wish to make you beautiful, pure and glad. Will you listen to that beautiful voice of God?

Then, next, God has a very solemn voice. I do not think that you will so easily guess what that voice is. So let me explain.

A good man tells us that once when he was a little boy he was standing by a pond, and in the pond was a tortoise swimming, and he says, 'I picked up a stone and was just going to throw it at the tortoise, when suddenly a voice within me said, "Don't," and I dropped the stone. Then I lifted it again to throw it, and again the voice said, "Don't." And I ran home and told my mother about it, and I said, "Mother, what is that voice?" and she said, "When you grow up you will hear people calling it conscience." I want you to remember always that it is the voice of God.

Now you know that voice, don't you? There is a voice in your hearts that tells you what is right and what is wrong; that says to you when you are going to say what is not true, or to do what is shabby or wrong, 'Don't do it,' that makes you sorry when you have been bad, and that makes you very glad when you have fought against temptation and won. That is God speaking to you. That is really God's voice. That is God's solemn voice speaking quietly in your heart. I cannot tell you how anxious I am that you should remember this, and do what that solemn voice bids you do. You may never become famous in life. You may have to suffer. But I am not afraid about that. The only thing that can really hurt your life, and spoil it, and make it sad, is that you should disobey that voice. Listen to it; then do what it commands. That quiet solemn voice in your hearts is the voice of God.

And now God has a third voice. It is His tender voice. I wonder can you guess what it is?

For a long time God spoke only with His beautiful voice, and with His solemn voice, and some heard, men and women and little children, but many missed God's beautiful voice, and turned away from God's solemn voice. Then, in a clear, simple, tender voice God spoke, standing just beside us. That clear, simple voice is our Lord Jesus Christ. Jesus is the tender voice of God.

You know what kind words Jesus spoke, and what kind things Jesus did. You know how Jesus loved us, and died for us in His love. That is God speaking to us. It is God saying to us I think about you. I care about you. I

The Indian Rain Festival.

(By Crittenden Marriott.)

Water is the first necessity of life in this Southwest. Without it man will die of thirst, and without a great deal of it man will die of hunger, for he can raise no crops for food. So it is not wonderful that the peaceful agricultural Indians who have been living down in that corner of the country for a dozen centuries have made it the center of their folklore traditions, and have woven it into their lives and their religion.

The far-back ancestors of these Indians were more enterprising (or more powerful) than their depleted descendants, for they built thousands of miles of great irrigation canals all over New Mexico and Arizona—canals that the present generation has allowed to go to ruin, the Indians to-day depending largely on rain for their supplies.

In their belief, rain is brought by the spirits of the dead, who collect it in jugs down in the underwood and carry it up into the skies, where, serenely floating on the soft side of a

burden of the thing, however, seems to be a representation of the story of how the pigmy gods of war stole the thunder and the lightning and how the high gods sent such a flood of rain on them that they gave up their booty.

These pigmy gods are very little fellows, always in mischief, who, a long time ago, set out to steal the thunder stone and the lightning arrow. But this was easier said than done, as the high gods lived on a mountain with perpendicular sides, up which the pigmy gods could not climb at all.

Finally they had recourse to their grandfather, the centipede; not the small centipede of to-day, but an enormous centipede bigger than a man. The old centipede did not want to meddle in the matter; but they pestered him so that he finally climbed over the mountain wall and brought the stone and the arrow back with them.

The pigmy gods ran home, and at once be-



cloud, they sprinkle it on the just and on the unjust. The clouds do not furnish the rain; they merely serve as chariots for the spirits that carry it, and to screen them from the view of the people on the earth.

The spirits, however, cannot do all the work; they can get the water and carry it aloft, but they cannot sprinkle it unless they have "breath-plumes" to use in flinging it broadcast. These breath-plumes, which are made of feathers and chaff, must be supplied by the living and burned at the altars before the spirits can get hold of them. The result of this belief is that the entire population goes to work to make and burn plumes whenever a dry spell persists too long.

Another thing the living can do; they can sic to produce clouds. These clouds are the breath of the gods mixed with smoke; the more smoke, the more clouds; consequently, at the time of the annual dance of the rain-makers, when the rain is absolutely essential for the crops, the whole land smokes with fires.

So much for physical aid. But the people can aid in another way. Unless they are good and pure and well-behaved, the gods will withhold their breath, and without this, all the smoke in the world will not avail. So everybody must do his best to be good when rain is needed—if at no other time.

The annual rain-makers' dance is a most elaborate affair, filled with complicated ceremonial which nobody can explain. The main

gan with their new toys. Soon they had kicked up such a racket—a dry thunderstorm such as we have all seen—that the high gods waked up and discovered their loss.

At once they sent the rain which poured in such a flood on the pigmy gods that they were driven out of their home, though this was on the top of the mountain, and forced to take refuge on the top of the house. They were not much bothered, however, but kept on rolling the stone and flashing the arrow until the water actually rose to their waists. Then they threw their prizes up in the air to sail back to the home of the high gods.

But alas! when the water fell, the pigmy gods, going down below, found that their grandmother, who kept house for them, had been drowned. They buried her and from her grave sprang up the red pepper that is so much relished all over the Southwest. The old dame, you know, though very fond of pigmies, was a peppery old body, and naturally manifested herself in peppery ways.

Later the miserable little pigmies told on the old centipede, and the high gods scorched him so with the lightning that he shriveled up into the centipede we see to-day—little and brown, just as if he had been in the fire.

All this is acted out at the dance, and in return the high gods send the rain, being added to do this by the smoke-made clouds, and the sprinkling plumes supplied by the spirits.

—The 'Sunday School Advocate.'

love you. I wish to help you and to save you. That is God's tender voice whispering to our hearts.

Do you hear it? A little boy, who became a great missionary, tells us that his mother

took him one day to a picture gallery and there he saw a famous picture. It was a picture of Our Saviour on the Cross. The artist had made our Lord's face very tender and loving. And the picture touched the boy's

heart, and he asked his mother what it meant. And she told him about the tender voice of God speaking in Jesus. And he said I must give God all I have; and he gave God his heart and afterwards his whole life.

Now, dear children, keep on speaking to God. Never forget to pray. But remember also that every day God is speaking to you. Listen to God's beautiful voice, and keep your heart pure to delight in happy things. Listen to God's solemn voice, and ask God's Holy Spirit to strengthen you to be obedient to it. And every day of your life let God's tender voice in Jesus make your heart sing. There will be music always in your heart if you let the love of God in Jesus fill it.—'Highland Witness.'

Belinda Amelia's Brother.

(Sophie Sweet, in 'Onward'.)

Raish had tucked a book into the pocket of the rough coat that he buttoned hastily over the red flannel shirt that was such an offence to Belinda Amelia's eyes. Belinda Amelia ought to know that a fellow could not wear starched shirt fronts into a lumbering camp! But it was hard upon Belinda Amelia to have a brother who went into the woods to chop. Raish felt that. She ought to have a brother like their cousin Reuben, just Raish's age, who had been graduated from the high school and was now tutoring Judge Appleby's little lame son, as a preliminary to making his own way through college.

Reuben spoke 'elegant' English, so Belinda Amelia said. That was an accomplishment much more easily acquired by the East Rippleton girls than by the boys. Belinda Amelia thought a great deal of such things as that. Reuben could go to receptions and church socials and make himself perfectly at home, as the girls say, while Raish was in such an agony of embarrassment that he could not say a word.

Belinda Amelia was in the senior class at the high school, although she was only seventeen. She sang in the church choir, although she had never taken a singing lesson in her life. She made all her own dresses, and they looked as if they were the work of a city dressmaker. She could have kept house beautifully, as her mother always explained, if there had been any need of it. Raish was as handy as a girl about the house, she sometimes said, not proudly, but a little bitterly. No one was proud of Raish, not even grandmother, although he was the apple of her eye. Grandmother had tucked a Testament into one of his pockets. Belinda Amelia had seen her with it in her hand, and she thought it was that which she felt when she leaned against him to tie his muffler.

It was a rare thing for Belinda Amelia to do a little sisterly thing like that. It caused a lump to come into Raish's throat which he would not have had anyone know for the world.

Of course, Belinda Amelia could not help being glad that he was going into the lumbering camp for the winter; he would be out of the way when she had her club meetings and her five o'clock teas. But there was only a year and a half between them in age, and when they were children they had been very fond of each other. That was before it became evident that Raish was so dull in every way—'impossible,' Belinda Amelia called it. She had never hesitated to let Raish hear her say he was 'impossible.' Of course, so dull a fellow would not care.

Raish had liked to work on the farm, but they had sold it after Mr. Atkins died. Belinda Amelia had not liked a farm. She wished Raish to go to college and become a lawyer as Reuben had planned to do. No one knew, as Belinda Amelia had often said, what a disappointment and mortification Raish was to her.

But there was one who knew and understood perfectly; that one was Raish himself. He had made a mighty effort to finish his course at the grammar school; when it came to the high school examinations he knew that he had met his match. It was no use for a fellow to try to pass those, even for Belinda Amelia's sake! Higher mathematics brought him up against a stone wall, and that was all there was about it. Grammar seemed to come easier, but he could not apply anything that

he learned to his speech. He hated to see Belinda Amelia color when he made a slip before company. It was a grammar that he had tucked into his pocket. In the long evenings in the logging camp there would be time to study it, and perhaps he should learn to steer clear of double negatives and not to say, 'Ain't,' or 'don't' for 'doesn't,' or most of all, as he knew by Belinda Amelia's color, 'them' for 'those.' He would practice, alone in the woods, until he no longer said Belinda's Amelia! That was what tried his sister's patience the very most of anything. 'Belinda's Amelia's Atkins,' she had heard him say when the census-taker called. He practiced saying it right as he rode along on Artemas Rand's ox team. Fifteen miles into the woods they were going, and Raish would not be home again until spring. His mother and grandmother had cried, and Belinda Amelia had said it was a disgrace; but Raish knew that it would be a relief to his sister to have him away. Moreover, if a fellow had only brawn and muscle what could he do but use them?

Artemas Rand had a large family and was 'land poor.' Raish did not want Belinda Amelia to know that he was to take his pay in wood. In fact, he had told no one but grandmother, who believed in him and even declared that he was 'smart.' Grandmother was very trying to Belinda Amelia. She thought that if it had not been for her persistence in calling her by both her names, in the old fashioned countrified way, they would not have stuck so to her.

There was a rough, hilarious time in the logging camp, in the long winter evenings, but Raish stuck to his grammar with an unflinching persistency, and never forget his Testament as he had promised grandmother. A purpose and a promise meant something to Raish. Character does not depend upon cleverness. Grandmother knew that when she called Raish 'smart.'

And how he did use that brawn and muscle! Some of the heart-burning that he had suffered because he could not be like Reuben, a suffering which Belinda Amelia had never suspected, was eased with every stroke. God had given to every man the ability to do something if only to chop wood, thought Raish.

Belinda Amelia worked hard that winter also. She hoped to enter college the next year. Her mother and grandmother were willing, eager, to scrimp and save that she might be able to do so, and so brilliant a scholar would be sure to find tutoring to help pay her expenses.

It had been expected that Raish would come home early in the spring, before the snow was off the ground, as the lumbermen usually did; but he sent them word by Archie Johnson, a lumberman who did come home, that he was going to drive logs down the river to Battle Bay, and should not come home until summer. All the lumber had been hauled to the river, that winter, because there was a great demand for it at Battle Bay, where the ship-building industry, for which the little place had once been noted, was being revived.

'Artemas Rand was going to sell his wood to the Parker City mills, just as usual,' said Archie Johnson, when he brought Raish's message. 'It was Raish who persuaded him to carry it to the river. Raish has a great head for business, I can tell you!'

Raish a head for business! Belinda Amelia's eyes opened wide with wonder, and then, in spite of herself, her lip curled a little. Archie Johnson must be a little simple, as people said, to think such a thing as that!

It was when May had come and Belinda Amelia was thinking of her graduating essay and her college examinations that there came sad news. Solon Robinson, their next-door neighbor, who brought their mail from the post-office, stopped to read them the news from the 'Clarion Budget.' The Clarion bank had failed! There was no chance that anything would be saved for depositors. The money that they had received from the farm had been deposited in the Clarion bank. It was all they had, except the little house in which they lived. The interest upon it had been depended upon to pay Belinda Amelia's college expenses, with such means as she could find to eke out the small amount by her own work. Over and over had Belinda Amelia said that she hoped she would not be obliged to dip into the principal. Now there was neither

principal nor interest to depend upon! It was as if the solid ground had failed beneath their feet.

Belinda Amelia cast one glance at her mother's whitening face, dropped into a chair, and hid her face in her hands.

'It isn't as if we hadn't still the garden and the poultry to keep us,' said grandmother bravely; but her chin quivered.

'If only Raish had amounted to anything! That was the first thing that Belinda Amelia said, and said it bitterly.

'He is a dear, good boy,' said mother, with an accent of thankfulness.

'People in this world are not as good as Raish without some force behind the goodness,' said grandmother, who, being eighty, knew something of human nature.

Sometimes it really seems truer than most bad old sayings that misfortune never comes singly. They had scarcely recovered from the blow sufficiently to begin to wonder what they should do, when there came another calamity so great as to make them almost forget the first.

It was the old minister who came to tell them. When any very sad news had to be told in East Rippleton, dear old Dr. Piper, who was eighty, like grandmother, was felt to be the proper person to be spokesman.

Old Dr. Piper was feeble and he came but seldom; so Belinda Amelia, who was forcing herself to water the nasturtiums by the garden gate, felt a pang of fear when she saw him coming—being perhaps, as is the way with us all, the more ready to expect evil tidings because her heart was heavy.

'But no! His face is all right! He has only come to visit grandmother,' she said to herself with a sigh of relief.

'I am glad to have met you first, my dear,' said the old minister gently, 'because you are young and strong, and I have tidings that must be told carefully to the others. You can tell them better than I.'

'Raish?' gasped Belinda Amelia, and the color went out of her face as a candle is blown out by the wind.

'It is a beautiful thing to tell,' said the old minister and his worn face grew fairly radiant. 'I was proud and thankful when I heard it. But not surprised—no, not surprised. I have always expected great things of Raish.'

Expected great things of Raish! Belinda Amelia felt as if she were dreaming.

'He rescued a lumberman from drowning at the risk of his own life. He had a long swim, and the man was helpless when he reached him—helpless and a heavy weight. Raish was strong, but the man clung round his neck and he would not throw him off even when it was a question of saving his own life. They both went down.'

'Raish drowned' gasped Belinda Amelia. Her lips were stiff, and the old minister's figure looked far off in a strange haze.

'No, they both were rescued.' The minister's voice broke and Belinda Amelia swallowed a strangling sob.

'But Raish was hurt. It is probable that his head struck upon a stone. It—it is uncertain how serious the injury may be. They are bringing him home.'

The garden path wavered before her eyes, but Belinda Amelia walked steadily to the house, followed by the old minister's faltering steps. Raish was hurt; he might be hurt unto death. Everything else had vanished from Belinda Amelia's horizon. Was it possible that anything else had ever seemed to matter.

When they brought him home, everything was cheerful and serene. It was Belinda Amelia who had first gathered herself together, Belinda Amelia who was apt to be hysterical in emergencies and not used to carrying burdens. This was for Raish's sake; it was in the strange, new world in which Raish seemed to be all.

He was delirious from the wound upon his head; and sometimes he talked of the things of which his heart was full. And Belinda Amelia's own heart was wrung.

'Belinda—Amelia—no r in it. Belinda Amelia,' he muttered over and over. 'Never Belinda's Amelia again! Never make her blush again, Raish Atkins, you idiot! You are only a trouble and a disgrace to her when you would give—what wouldn't you give, Raish Atkins—to have her like you as she used to

when you were both small—to have her proud of you as she would be if you were like Reuben.

And then, growing more delirious, he thought himself going down, down into the depths of the river, and being strangled by the verbs and possessive pronouns that he never could learn! At intervals he was pitifully promising himself never to go into the parlor when Belinda Amelia had company, lest he should make her ashamed. He was resolving to save up his money to buy Belinda Amelia a pin with a pearl in it—a real pearl. He had heard her say she longed for one.

'O Raish, Raish, what shall I ever care for anything if you don't get well?' poor Belinda Amelia would cry. 'He has suffered—the dear boy has really suffered for my selfishness and silly vanity! Oh, why did it take so much to open my eyes?'

'There are few of us who do not have to have our eyes opened, most often painfully, to the real values of life.' That was what the old minister said, when she poured out her troubled heart to him.

There was less than a chance for Raish's life at first; by and by, a trifle more than a chance. They had scarcely thought of the lost money; Raish's life was all in all; but one day Belinda Amelia overheard the surgeon whisper that Raish might recover and yet be helpless all his life. On that day Belinda Amelia made an application for the position of teacher of the Pine Ridge school.

It was a hard school to teach, being in a rough neighborhood, but it was the only way to earn money near home. And if Raish could only be himself it would be a joy to take care of him! Scarcely a thought did Belinda Amelia give to her lost ambitions that had so engrossed her!

In the early September days Raish began to get well. He was impatient, then, and would sit up before the doctors were willing. 'I want to get well so you can go to college,' he confided shyly, almost shamefacedly, to Belinda Amelia, one morning. 'Oh, yes, I know about the money—for they heard on the rafts of the river all that was happening—but—but Belinda Amelia, I—I mean Belinda Amelia—'

'Oh, don't, don't kill me, Raish dear! I simply love your old way of saying it,' cried his sister.

'I took a wood lot for my pay, and then there came this ship-building boom at Battle Bay, and I sold two of the pine trees for masts—the tallest pines you ever saw!—for five hundred dollars.'

Raish's wan, listless face had grown almost alert.

'That is for your start in college! Then there is better than that coming. On the first trip down the river I met Mr. Stinchfield, the head of the new lumber firm at Battle Bay. We talked a little and he liked my ideas about business—'

Raish's ideas about business! Belinda Amelia fairly gasped, but over grandmother's sweet, seamy old face there stole only a smile of calm satisfaction—not the least surprise.

'And I am to have a situation as clerk there. I am to be the buyer for the firm. The salary will be rather small at first, but pretty good for a boy like me.'

Raish named a sum which, although certainly not very large, was more than even grandmother had expected Raish to earn. 'So now you see you can go to college as well as not.'

Belinda Amelia was on her knees beside Raish's armchair, sobbing into the sleeves of his dressing gown. 'I will not take your money, and I will not go to college!' she burst forth. 'What does college signify anyway? What does anything matter so long as you are well, and we have each other? And oh, Raish, I hope you will riot in bad grammar if you want to!'

But Raish shook his head seriously at that. 'I owe you a lot for making me ashamed of that!' he said. 'If I hadn't spoken pretty decent English, I don't believe Mr. Stinchfield would have looked at me. But I had a tough struggle in those winter evenings at camp, I can tell you!'

Belinda Amelia said she would not, but she is preparing very diligently for her entrance examinations.

PASS A GOOD THING ON.

Dear friend—

If your Sunday School takes the "Northern Messenger" it already knows its value. If not, we want to send a sufficient number free that each scholar may have a copy for several consecutive Sundays.

It will then rest entirely with the Officers of the school whether they wish it continued at the low rate of 20 cents a year in clubs of ten or more. This is just half the regular rate and gives nearly three large papers for a cent.

Kindly show this important notice to the Officers of your school—whether you are actively connected with it or not—and suggest that they take advantage of this offer. We leave it to you to add what you will regarding the influence of the paper upon the young and the interesting nature of its contents.

The "Northern Messenger" is being read by nearly a quarter of a million Canadian Sunday School children—the great city schools all over the Dominion as well as the smallest cross-roads school according it first place in their hearts.

It surely would not be difficult to introduce the Messenger into one more Sunday School either in your district—or through some friend interested in a Sunday School somewhere else.

Will you try for one? It would greatly please us.

Yours sincerely,

John Douglass, Jr.
publishing manager

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Any school wishing to try it may have enough to give one to each scholar sent direct from this office for THREE CONSECUTIVE WEEKS, free of all charge. We take the risk of an order following.

A post-card telling us how many to send and to whom is all that is needed.



A Temperance Speech.

For a Boy.

Ladies and Gentlemen.—I propose to consider the Temperance cause—

How it has run
What it has done,
Where it is known,
What is its tone,
Why has it flourished,
How it is nourished.

How has it run?

It has run steadily,
It has run merrily.

What has it done?

Arrested the mad,
Reformed the bad,
Refreshed the sad,
Improved the glad,
Cooled many a lip,
Saved many a ship.

Where is it known?

In every zone.

What is its tone?

Its tone is inviting,
Its tone is delighting.

Look at our Loyal Temperance Legion! See how happy the children are! See what delight they give to their parents! See the happy families it makes! See the reformed drunkard's wife as her husband, in his right mind, comes home! See his children as they go to Sunday School, and see the change in himself!

Why has it flourished?

Because it is nourished.

How is it nourished?

By lectures and orations,
By books and illustrations,
By subscriptions and donations,
By glorious expectations.

—Temperance Advocate.

Poison!

Dr. Rutherford, says 'that at the judgment-seat of science no excuse, no apology, no extenuating circumstances of ill-health or poor nourishment will pardon the mother guilty of so grave an offence against her child, her country, and her God as poisoning her child with alcohol during infancy.' The Doctor went on to say that 'after the citizen reaches maturity he is still subject, only to a less degree, to the insidious action of this enemy of the race. Instead of stimulating his activities, alcohol always paralyses them, even in small doses, and in proportion to the amount taken. The effect is seen in the blood, on the heart, on the muscles, and in the whole system, as well as on the mind. Physiologically alcohol is not a stimulant, but a narcotic and paralyser. The history of alcohol is one of progressive paralysis to the individual and to the nation.'

—Temperance Leader.

Tobacco Prohibited.

The Surgeon-General of the United States Army, in giving his reason for prohibiting tobacco in the National Military and Naval Academies at West Point and Annapolis, says: 'Before all other things the future health and usefulness of the lads educated at the Military School require the absolute interdiction of tobacco.'

Professor Richard McSherry, President of the Baltimore Academy of Medicine, declares that 'the effect of tobacco on schoolboys and young persons is so marked and injurious as not to be open to discussion, and its use should be discouraged and opposed by every parent and teacher of youth, and shunned by every young man.'

Of thirteen physicians whose opinion was recently asked, every one is decided in saying that the use of tobacco, in smoking and chewing, is "exceedingly injurious, both physically

and mentally. 'One says that boys and young men who use it, rarely, if ever, make well-developed men; or if developed in size, there is a great lack of endurance and vital force and of mental activity.' Another, that he has seen cases of partial and almost complete idiocy in young boys, caused by the use of tobacco. Another, that 'it causes nervous prostration, and seriously affects the eyesight.' Another, that 'it destroys a healthy appetite, and prevents digestion; and thus starves the physical system, and so produces dwarfed and emaciated specimens of boys and young men.' Another, that 'the spinal cord and the brain are affected by its poisonous action;' and still another, that 'its active principle, nicotine, diffuses itself in the blood with great rapidity, and corresponds in its mode of action to that terrible poison, prussic acid.'

Ben Allen, The Cripple.

(F. M. Wells, in the 'Lincoln Magazine'.)

Primrose Alley was not a pleasant place in which to live, in spite of its name. There were no primroses to be found there, indeed, no place where possibly they could grow. Primrose Alley was a wretched street for the most part of dirty hovels, where drunken brawls and noisy quarrels were of every-day occurrence. There was only one pleasant spot in the whole place either within doors or without.

The one pleasant spot that I speak of was the room where lived crippled Ben Allen. More sunlight came into that room because the window was several degrees cleaner than the rest. But more than that, in this room was a wonderful sense of peace and restfulness and calmness. And no wonder, for in that humble room dwelt one who had found peace and guidance for his soul, one who looked at the dreary world about him with the eyes of a man who sees something beneath the squalor and sin and dirt around him. I want to tell you the story of Ben Allen's life, and of how he found his peace. I think the simple and touching pathos of the story best will be felt if I tell you the story in his own words, just as he told it to me.

When I entered his room he was busying himself with his basket-work, which he was able to do when feeling unusually well. His busy fingers moved quietly to and fro, for I bade him continue his work while I would sit and read to him awhile. At last I put the book aside and sat watching, as painfully and slowly the crippled fingers did their work.

'You did beautiful tooling-work on book-bindings at one time?' I questioned.

'Yes,' Ben said, with a touch of pride. 'I did the most delicate work the firm turned out—until—well—until I took to drink, and my hand grew unsteady and my brain dull.'

'You took to drink—you, Ben?' I asked incredulously.

'I did that,' Ben said with a sigh. 'The time came when I spent most of my wages in drink, and fell to depths I hardly dare to think of now. But I had a friend, sir, a brave lovin' friend. We had been boys together, we had come to the city together, we worked together, and in fact we were like brothers. If anything could have kept me straight it should have been Dick Mavers. He pleaded with me day after day. He reminded me o' the old folks at home, and the sore trouble it would be to them if they should chance to hear. He would come o' nights, sir, and lead me out o' the public-houses—same as sometimes you hear o' wives doing to their husbands—poor women. There was nothing Dick would not have done. It was Dick on one side wrestling to save me from myself, and the cursed drink on the other side dragging me down.'

'Ah, sir, now as I look back on it and remember all the horror o' that time, and remember the thousands, nay, tens o' thousands that are now what I was then, I bow my head with shame, and a sorrow comes over me that cuts me like a sword-thrust. I lost my situation through my own sinful folly. I went down to the depths of shame, but when the drink had turned me into a brute rather than a man, still Dick would not give me up.'

Ben stopped. He looked up through the window, through the clouds, it seemed to me, and his eyes took that far-off tender look that comes to those who are thinking of some beautiful human deed. Almost under his breath he muttered, 'Dick—old Dickie—but

the rest of the poor sinful souls have not a friend such as you to save them from themselves!'

There had come a lump into his throat, as once more he continued his story, and it made his voice husky.

'One night, sir, I was drinking hard. Dick came in to try what he could do for me. That night I knocked him down for his pains, and told him to go his way and I would go mine. I poured out cruel curses upon him—upon Dick, the best friend that ever a man had. As he fell he caught his face against a fender and cut a long, deep gash across his cheek. I laughed as I saw the streaming blood. I was beside myself that night, and in my fury and madness I hated Dick.'

'Well, sir, there were some there that knew us both who cried "shame" upon me, and one of them took Dick to a doctor and had the gash sewn up. I stayed drinking until we were turned out, and then I tried to make my way to my home. I fell into the canal.'

'Yes,' I said, 'I knew that it was by falling into the canal that you caught your rheumatic fever, Ben, and that you have been crippled ever since.'

'You did not know that drink was the cause of my fall, sir?'

'No, I never guessed that, Ben,' I said, for indeed I had never suspected it even.

'It seems that Dick was following me; something in my reckless conduct made him uneasy, and he had come back and stood outside the public-house until I was turned out, and then he followed me. When he heard me go over the edge of the canal and strike the water he never stopped to think of himself, but leaped in to save me. Powerful swimmer though he was he was drowned, while I, the worthless, drunken brute, was saved. I can hardly believe it sometimes that he died—died for me—gave his good, honest, clean life for my worthless one. I can't understand it, sir.'

'It is one of the mysteries that we shall never understand,' I said—and crippled Ben drew a heavy sigh.

'I suffered for that night's work,' he said. 'They never thought I could live. But I did, such as I am—crippled, helpless, useless—and—with Dick dead for my sake.'

'I do not think your friend died in vain,' I said as I looked into Ben's deep, sad eyes. 'Two souls were brought to God that night, one to dwell with Him above, to continue the faithful service begun on earth; the other to serve Him here, in spite of helplessness and ill-health.'

Crippled Ben bent his head.

'Yes, sir, yes. What Dick did for me made me think of that other Sacrifice that had been made for me long ago. Dick Mavers died to save my life. Christ died to save my soul. Ah, sir, Dick's brave deed brings home to us who loved him, all that has been done for every man of earth. Dick died for love of me, and Christ died for love of every sinner that ever has lived.'

Temperance.

Mr. Richard Rigg, speaking at an open-air meeting on the sands at Blackpool the other day, said that temperance lay at the root of every moral and social reform in this country. He believed that every man, however humble his position in life, might still be powerful for good among his fellow-men. In the House of Commons they had a large number of men representative of the working classes, and it was to their lasting credit that they were in the vast majority of cases total abstainers. Although he had mixed with all kinds of people in various lands, he had never felt the slightest handicap by being a total abstainer, and he believed in their heart of hearts the drunkards themselves admired temperance men. It was not the strength of our army, he continued, nor the number of acres we owned that would make us a great nation; but the pure, noble, unsullied lives of the people.—Temperance Leader.

The story is going the rounds that Admiral Dewey one day ordered the biggest rope and tackle on his vessel fastened to the stump of a cigar some careless smoker had thrown upon the deck, and it was thus ceremoniously thrown overboard. Shouldn't a boy be as clean as a man-of-war?

LITTLE FOLKS

A Morning Call.

(By Helen M. Richardson, for the
'Child's Hour'.)

Let's go and see Aunt Jane this morning! said Marjory to her cousin Loretta. Marjory had done everything she could think of to entertain her cousin during her stay at the farm except to take her to Aunt Jane's.

'Yes, let's!' replied Loretta. She didn't know anything about Aunt Jane, nor where she lived, but everything in the country had been so beautiful that she was sure Aunt Jane's must be a nice place to go to. You see, Loretta lived in the city.

'We will take Leonora and Theodora with us,' proposed Marjory. 'Cause Aunt Jane will be int'rested to see them. She likes dolls.'

Marjory put on her wide-rimmed, plain straw hat, which looked rather countrified, she thought, beside Loretta's stylish city hat with its two large red roses on one side of it. Loretta's frock, also, was made with elbow sleeves in the latest city fashion; indeed she was a little city girl, even to the Dutch cut of her hair.

But Marjory, in her sensible long-sleeved dress, with her long, wavy hair and wide-open brown eyes, made just as pleasing a picture to look at, Marjory's mother thought.

Leonora and Theodora, being dolls, were dressed to please their little mothers, and were both very attractive looking dolls when they set off with Marjory and Loretta to visit Aunt Jane.

'Don't stay long enough to tire Aunt Jane; she isn't very strong, and two children make more noise than one,' Marjory's mother cautioned as they started off down the road.

'No, mamma,' answered Marjory, 'this is going to be a doll call, and we will tell Leonora and Theodora they mustn't stay but just fifteen minutes.'

As the little girls walked along, holding their dolls very carefully, for they wore their best dresses, the sun grew hot, and Loretta suggested that they sit down under a tree by the roadside and rest a while.

'Yes, let's! It won't make any difference what time we get to Aunt Jane's,' cause she is lame and can't work, but always has to sit in a chair,' agreed Marjory.

So they found a shady place



MABEL B. HILL

under a walnut tree, and set their dolls with their backs against a stone wall with instructions to 'stay right there,' and not to 'go running about,' 'cause we want you to be nice and clean when we get to Aunt Jane's,' Loretta confided to Theodora.

She must have been a very obedient doll, for she sat so still that a little squirrel who was also cut for a morning walk sat right down in her lap and began to turn a nut around in his mouth and at the same time watch Marjorie and Loretta with his bright eyes.

The little girls sat just as still as their dolls, but it was not because they were afraid of frightening the squirrel—no, indeed! I shall have to confess that they were both asleep!

You see, it was a hot day and the grass was soft and cool and everything was so still around them that before they knew it the lids had dropped over their eyes, and the wind and the sun had enticed them off to dreamland.

Little Bushy Tail, the squirrel, finding that these strange looking creatures whom he had found sitting under the tree from which he

was gathering his winter supply of nuts were as still as the tree itself, was very curious to know more about them. So at every trip he made back to the tree for nuts he climbed cautiously to the lap of Marjory or Loretta, or one of the dolls, stood on his haunches with his tail over his back, and peered into their faces with his little bright eyes to try to find out what in the world they could be.

'Oh, my!' Marjory suddenly exclaimed, opening her eyes. And then she sat very still, for Bushy Tail's bright, twinkling eyes were close to hers. Loretta awoke about the same time, and said 'Oh, my!' too, very softly. But wise little Bushy Tail knew very well that two pairs of open eyes might mean danger and scudded out of Marjory's lap and up the tree trunk and was soon scolding at them from a branch above their heads.

The children sat for some time watching the squirrel as he jumped from limb to limb of the tree, scolding and chattering; and then all at once Marjory exclaimed as she rubbed her sleepy eyes: 'Seems as if it must be most dinner-time.'

I'm afraid Leonora and Theodora will be too tired to go way to Aunt Jane's now.'

'I know the poor things want to go home,' Loretta also declared, taking Theodora in her arms; for she, too, was hot and tired and sleepy.

'We will go to Aunt Jane's tomorrow,' they both agreed as they trudged back over the dusty road.

'Well, how is Aunt Jane this morning? I am glad you did not stay long enough to weary her,' said Marjory's mother as the children came slowly up the steps.

'We—we—haven't been to Aunt Jane's, mamma,' confessed Marjory. 'We were hot and tired, and we sat down under the nut tree, and I guess we went to sleep; for when we opened our eyes a little squirrel was sitting in my lap.'

'I think it is just as well you did not go, for it is a very hot day,' her mother said. 'Perhaps you can tame your little squirrel friend if you are kind and patient,' she continued.

This pleased the children very much. And every pleasant day, until Loretta went home, the little girls spent a great deal of time under the nut tree coaxing Bushy Tail with nuts, until he became very friendly and would even take them from their hands.

Fear Them Not.

George and his sister May were playing store in the yard by the back fence. George was the store-keeper, and May not only bought for her own family of dolls, but she often bought for other imaginary families, as she did not want to buy too much for her own use, and it was more fun to buy often. One time she decided to buy some coffee and take to a neighbor, for she said that no coffee ever tasted as good as the last she bought. She played that this neighbor lived in the corner of the yard, and so, taking her two youngest children (dolls) with her, she proceeded to carry the coffee to the neighbor. When she reached the corner she heard someone crying, and peeping through the slats of the fence she spied a little child sitting in a rude cart.

'Why, it is the little girl from the barn house!' she exclaimed. 'What is the matter, little girl?'

'I was wishing I could have a good time the same as you do! I have no one to play with and I get so lonesome all alone. You seem to be having such a good time.'

'How did you happen to be here?'

'Grandpa came up to the store to buy something to eat and he brought me up in the cart so I should have something to do, but the boys plague me because my back is crooked and I can't walk, so he brought the cart over here away from them while he went into the store.'

Just then a strange looking old man came up to them and taking hold of the rope, by which he drew the cart, said, in a cross tone: 'Here, what are you saying to my little gal. You needn't say nothin' mean to her, she hain't hurt you.'

May told George all about it, and then they went into the house and told their mother what the little girl had said, and asked:

'To-morrow can't we go down to the place where they live, you know they have moved into the old barn over by the woods, and ask to bring Jessie, that's her name, home with us to spend the day, and she can have her lunch out of doors with us and have a good time all day? It is too bad for her to have no one to play with.'

'I think it would be a very good plan. They are a respectable family, although very poor, and are trying to do the best they can. The boys plague them so much because they are peculiar looking and because little Jessie cannot run about as they can that it makes the grandfather and grandmother cross. Yes, I am sure Jesus would be pleased to have you do that.'

The next day, soon after breakfast, George and May started out for the old barn by the woods. They met one of the schoolboys who asked where they were going. When they told him, he said, 'You'd better not go there, the folks are dreadfully cross, and they have a savage dog that they have to keep chained up he is so cross, but if anyone comes in the yard they let him loose.'

George and May went on, saying nothing, but each one thinking about the dog, and May remembered how cross the old gentleman's voice sounded the day before, when he went off with the cart. As they reached the lot where the house stood, they both stopped and looked at each other and then George said:

'Well, mother said it would be a good thing to do, so it is right, don't let's be afraid. Come on. We shall be all right.'

Sure enough, they were all right. When the grandmother found that they had come to give her little girl a good time, she almost cried she was so pleased, and she called

the grandfather to tell him what a lovely thing had happened. Jessie herself was so delighted she could hardly keep still until her grandmother got her hat and doll.

On the way home they met some rough boys, who began to make fun of them for pulling the 'little hunchback.' This time it was May who spoke in a whisper to George: 'We're doing right, and we had no trouble before with her grandfather and grandmother, let's go right ahead and pay no attention to the boys and perhaps they will let us alone,' and so it proved.

The three children had a delightful time all day, and this was followed by many another pleasant outing for little Jessie, and both George and May learned the lesson that God is with them when they are trying to do right.—Ruth Mowry Brown, in the 'Child's Hour.'

The Three Old Ladies.

There was an old lady all dressed in silk,

Who lived upon lemons and buttermilk;

And, thinking this world was a sour old place,

She carried the acid all over her face.

Another old lady all dressed in patches,

Lived upon nothing but lucifer matches;

So the world made her strangle and cough,

And sure as you rubbed her you set her off.

Another old lady, all sunny and neat,

Who lived upon sugar, and everything sweet,

Exclaimed, when she heard of their troubles, 'I never!

For the world is so nice I could live on forever.'

Now, children, take your choice

Of the food your hearts shall eat; There are sourish thoughts, and brimstone thoughts,

And thoughts all good and sweet;

And whatever the heart feeds on,

Dear children, trust to me, Is precisely what this queer old world

Will seem to you to be.

—Mary Mapes Dodge.

Picture Bargains.

The regular price of the 'Canadian Pictorial' is ten cents a copy, or \$1.00 a year, postpaid to any address. To new subscribers in Canada or the British Isles we will send it on trial to the end of the year, including the splendid Christmas number, for only ten two-cent stamps, beginning with the October number. Three such subscriptions for only fifty cents.

Correspondence

U. S., Man.

Dear Editor,—Although I have taken your paper for many years, I have not yet taken the pleasure of writing to you and giving my highest praise to your useful little paper. I take great pride in telling my young friends around here. I have taken every young people's paper that I see advertised, but none has yet pleased me so much. Our town is very large, 14 brick buildings, and many large frame buildings.

FLORENCE HOUSTON

[You are quite too good, Florence, but thanks for your compliments.—Ed.]

B., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl 10 years old. I live on a farm in a little village. We keep cows, horses, pigs, chickens and geese. I have a pet cow named Daisy. I milk her every night and morning. My sister is visiting us

rials. The four of us go to school, but haven't had a teacher since holidays. We are still holidaying but I am anxious to go to school. We took a trip to Galt Old Boys' Reunion this summer. I saw thousands and thousands of people there. We visited five aunties there. I had a lovely time, then went to St. George, where I have an uncle that lives on a farm called "Sunny Brae." We would hunt the eggs and drive the cows to pasture, then go to the apple orchard and eat apples. Then we went to Paris; my uncle there keeps bees and I got stung. Uncle says I would soon get used to it, for he never feels a sting, he gets so many.

This is a very nice place to have a good time. We had our picnic at the lake and we went out for row. A young lady and a little girl from Galt visited us this summer, and we had a good time together.

HAZEL DEANS.

A', P.E.I.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl eight years old. I go to school every day, and like going.



OUR PICTURES.

1. 'A Pink.' John Phillips (aged 12), H. S., Ont.
2. 'Coffee Pot.' Oledine M. Wood, A., P.E.I.
3. 'A Mug.' Notman Duckworth, S., Ont.
4. 'Parrot.' Helena D. Keith (aged 7), W., Ont.
5. 'A Stag.' Lillie Beam (aged 10), B., Ont.
6. 'S.' Dot Essie Hadley, H., Ont.
7. 'Some Wheat.' Marguerite Brown (aged 13), B., Ont.
8. 'A Loon.' Minnie May Hadlington (aged 8), H., Ont.

9. 'A Little Scene.' Fredrick Ralph Burorda (aged 8), C. P., Ont.
10. 'Red Riding Hood.' Alice Mehlman, P. M., N.S.
11. 'Baltimore Oriole and Egg.' Myrel Cox (aged 13), A., Ont.
12. 'Picking my Dinner.' A. L. P. (aged 10), Peterboro.
13. 'A Flower.' Gertrude L. Dunphy (aged 13), O., Man.
14. 'Watching the Rain.' —A., Can.

from Manitoba, so she is writing this letter for me, because I am not a very good writer. I go to school every day, and also to the Sunday school every Sunday.

LILY BEAM.

N.D., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl 11 years old. We live near the village of N. D. I have three brothers and three sisters. I will close with a story I have heard.

A rich man had a piece of land upon which a poor mule was grazing. 'I shall harness you,' said the man to the mule, 'and make you plough this land to grow melons on, of which I am very fond, while the stalks will supply you with food,' to which the mule replied: 'If I consent to toil on your plan, you will have all the melons, and I will be worse off than I am now, inasmuch as I will have to eat dry stalks instead of fresh green grass. I'll not do it, sir.'

'How unreasonable you are,' remonstrated the land-owner, 'your father never had any food but thistles and yet worked sixteen hours a day without grumbling.'

'Alas! that is true,' retorted the mule, 'but you know my father was an ass.'

MAY LINDA HALLMAN.

S., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I get your paper in the Sunday School, here. But when we lived in Galt a friend gave it to me for a year for a Christmas box, and I always enjoy reading it. I am twelve years old, and have four brothers younger than myself. My oldest brother, Harold, is an agent for the 'Canadian Pictorial'.

I think my teacher fine. The school is on our farm. We have a farm of 50 acres. I have two brothers, and one of them goes to college. He is 17, and the other is 16. I have no sister. I have a kitten and a cow.

OLEDINE MARIA WOOD.

O., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am eleven years old. We have been taking the 'Messenger' for about three years. For pets we have a pair of doves and a bird dog, about two months old, and he is a mischievous little rascal.

I think the answer to Margaret Price's riddle (Sept. 20), is because it has no spring.

ILIA CHESHER.

[The riddle you ask has been asked before, Ilia.—Ed.]

A., Ont.

Dear Editor,—This is my third letter I have written. I enjoy reading the letters very much. We live on a farm of a hundred acres, I have 3 sisters and no brothers. They go to school everyday, and we all go to Sunday School and like it very much. We live just across the road from the church.

MYREL COX.

Aged 13.

W., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have been watching the 'Messenger' lately, and I notice the drawings are getting a little scarce, so I thought I would send a parrot. I have had a pleasant holiday. My grandpa and grandma took me to Orillia one day and my papa and my mamma took me to Toronto to the fair. I

saw lots of nice things and had a ride in the merry-go-round and a ride on an automobile. I enjoyed it very much.

HELENA D. KEITH.

Aged 7 years.

D., Y.T.

Dear Editor,—As I have never seen a letter from D., I thought I would write one. D. is a beautiful place in summer, but it is very cold in winter.

We spent six weeks of our vacation on Hunker Creek, and we have still two weeks. I am almost twelve years old, and the oldest of a family of six. I have four brothers and one sister. Four of us go to school, and we all passed our examinations.

EDITH M.

BIBLICAL ALPHABET.

- A—And what I say unto you, I say unto all. Watch. Mark xiii., 37.
 B—Blessed are those servants. Luke xii., 37.
 C—Continue ye in my love.—John xv., 9.
 D—Do you now believe. John xvi., 31.
 E—Everyone that asketh receiveth. Luke xi., 10.
 F—Fear not little flock. Luke xii., 32.
 G—Go out into highways. Luke xix., 23.
 H—Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my words shall not pass away. Matt. xxiv., 35.
 I—In my father's house are many mansions. John xiv., 2.
 J—Judge not and ye shall not be judged. Luke vi., 37.
 K—Keep ye my commandments. John xiv., 15.
 L—Let not your heart be troubled. John xiv., 1.
 M—My yoke is easy and my burden is light. Matt. xi., 30.
 N—No man having put his hand to the plough. Luke ix., 62.
 O—Our father which art in heaven. Matt. vi., 9.
 P—Pray ye the Lord of the Harvest. Matt. ix., 38.
 Q—Quench not the Spirit. I Thes. v., 19.
 R—Rejoice and be exceeding glad. Matt. v., 12.
 S—Suffer little children and forbid them not to come unto me. Matt. xix., 14.
 T—Take my yoke upon you and learn of me. Matt. xi., 29.
 U—Until I make thy foes thy footstool. Acts ii., 35.
 V—Verily, verily, I say unto thee. John iii., 2.
 W—Watch therefore. Matt. xxiv., 42.
 Y—Ye are my friends. John xv., 14.
 Z—Zacchaeus, make haste and come down. Luke xix., 5.

JOHN S. KERNINGHAM.

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HOUSEHOLD.

Baby is Dead.

(By John Imrie, Toronto, Canada.)

The baby is dead.
How still it sleeps;
Dear baby is dead,
Its mother weeps:

And the tear-drops fall on her thin white hands,
Like a summer shower on the thirsty sands;
The hope of a mother lies cold and still,
In that little white coffin near the sill!

And father stands by
With bowed head—
No grief like a sigh:
Baby is dead.

A wee satin shroud,
Narrow its bed;
The clock ticks so loud,
Baby is dead.

So still the house you can hear your heart beat,
The wheels of the hearse sound harsh on the street;
The children tell Aunt, in a room near by:—
They—'Can't make out why a baby should die!'

'Little hands and feet,
'All pink and red,
'Like a dolly neat,
'Is baby dead?'

A little green mound,
A tiny stone,
In churchyard ground
Stands all alone!

But up in Heaven a new face is seen,
Where never a sigh nor a tear hath been;
And the angels sing to that baby fair,
Till its mother arrives to claim it there,
Sweetest songs of love;
No death—no sin,
In that Home above
Can enter in!

Marketing Homemade Articles.

Many women would like to know how to have a home-made article of food put on sale at the large grocers, in a city.

In the first place, the early autumn is the best time in which to introduce new goods, as people are then coming back to town. You may be told that it is too early to bring in a small order before Thanksgiving or the holidays, but if you have waited until then to begin you might have found the shops already stocked up with extra delicacies and unwilling to add further to their stores. February or March is the next best time, when the Easter trade is preparing, but the fresh fruits and vegetables of spring and summer interfere with the large sale of many fine groceries.

Do not make your initial trip to a grocer's on Friday or Saturday, as they are very busy days, and do not go too early in the morning, when the business of the day has to be got in order; 11 o'clock is early enough.

You will do well to put on your neatest and nicest apparel, and wear a becoming hat and good gloves. Not only does a woman derive a certain moral support from the consciousness of being well dressed, not only is it desirable to avoid any effect of begging, but it serves to point the idea that the food offered for sale will be prepared with the same ladylike refinement that is shown in attire.

Take with you a sample of your jelly or whatever your goods are. Ask for the manager when you arrive at the store where you think the goods would sell.

Usually you are directed at once to the manager's office. He is generally a kind and courteous man, who makes your way easy for you. You find, to your surprise, that instead of doing a very original and venturesome thing, you are only one of the many women who approach him daily on the same errand—in fact, you may find one going out of his office as you enter it, another waiting to enter as you go out. He will tell you that he gets salted at

mode from one lady, brandied fruits from another, currant jellies from a third. He is apt to look at your articles rather skeptically as he unties it for you, and tell you that he has tried it before, but that it did not keep, or that he had such a small sale for it that it was not worth while to keep it in stock, or that he has made it a rule never to sell articles of the kind at all.

This is where your work begins. If you really believe in what you offer, say so. Tell him why you know it is a superior production, and how you think that there is, or ought to be, a demand for it. Tell bravely and boldly of its local success. Tell him the price, what reduction you are willing to make for a large quantity, and what commission you expect to give him—usually 30 per cent. Make no secret of the fact that his acceptance is of great importance to you, to be thoroughly battled for. But never, never speak of your personal history, or inform him how tired you are with your struggles. Do not say that you need the money. He will have divined without your telling him that you are not a millionaire.

It may be that, after all your representations, he will refuse so decidedly that further conversation is unnecessary. In that case do not waste his or your time. Get up and depart, thanking him for the time he has given you, and asking if you may come in at some future date if you have another article which he may find more possible of acceptance. He will in all likelihood reply: 'Certainly.' But if he is still discouraging, cheerfully refuse to be discouraged. If you do present yourself again it will not be as a stranger, and if you conduct yourself through this interview as a business woman should, presenting your claims clearly, briefly, and pleasantly, you need have no fear of your reception a second time.

Go now to the second name on your list, in the same way. Once in a very great while you may find a manager who is disagreeable, but this is rare. It is part of a manager's business to consider new opportunities offered to him, and to take them if they appear to be profitable.

It may be that at the second or third place you will be successful. You may get an order, probably for a very small consignment—half a dozen glasses of jelly or jars of pickles, or boxes of salted nuts. It is sometimes a good plan to offer to pay the expressage on your consignments until your goods are fully established, even when this is not exacted from you, and you will find that it counts in your favor. Now you have your entering wedge, and at the next place you can say that Brown and Jones have taken your goods. You feel that you have a certain position. But successful or not, after four or five ventures, you may as well go home. You will find yourself more mentally and physically fatigued than after a week's hard work.

Go again and again, as often as you can in the intervals of your work, and after you have got all the orders that you can undertake still keep going. At most places they will tell you that they will write and let you know when they want more goods, but unless your article has a phenomenal sale they are not likely to do this. Look in occasionally to see how your goods are going. Your business with the manager is ended, and you will only need to see the clerk, who, you will have found by this time, has your department in charge and controls the orders. You may get an order by being on the spot, which you might otherwise wait two weeks for.

Your first instalment of goods probably will be sold. New articles are now often placed on the counter; and the clerks recommend them when they make their other sales. You may also have friends in town who will call for them. The crucial time begins when the novelty has worn off and other people's goods are on the counter. If you find that you can not keep your goods up to the standard of excellence or your expenses inevitably swallow up all the proceeds of the sales, the sooner you cut loose from this experiment the better. But if your article is really first class and you get any profit from it, keep on, keep on untiringly. Extend your trade every chance that you can get. If it falls off temporarily in some big house, you may have unexpectedly good sales in a smaller one.

When you are netting a fairly good sum do not imagine that you are going to make your

everlasting fortune. You have probably touched high water mark with that article, and you must set your wits to work to invent another as good. But your name then will be your very best working capital.

Care of the Refrigerator.

The refrigerator proves to be a luxury or a nuisance just according to the way it is treated. If it is carelessly kept the food in the ice box takes on a disagreeable taste, while if it is kept in a cleanly condition it is a luxury, for the perishable food is well preserved and more wholesome than when kept in the cellar. Once a week is sufficient for its thorough cleaning and a portion of every morning should be assigned to it, and while it is not an easy matter to remove all food from the box every morning, it should be done and the shelves carefully wiped off with a damp cloth. Cleanliness in the refrigerator is of first importance, as it is said that a 'Carelessly kept refrigerator is the festal hall of the microbe' and if stray bits of food and vegetables are allowed to collect under the rock they may reasonably be expected. The food should never be crowded in the refrigerator, as one food absorbs the flavor of another, and butter and milk should be kept by themselves, and as far removed from the other contents as possible. In washing the interior of the box use a small brush for the crevices and corners, and run a wire through the waste pipe, to be sure it is absolutely clear. To cleanse thoroughly, everything should be removed from the box, then the shelves and every portion of the interior should be washed with a strong, hot pearline soda, then wipe over quickly with strong soda water boiling hot. Wipe carefully, leave open to cool and air, replace the ice, and close up to get cold before replacing contents. There is nothing that brings so much solid comfort for the little cost in labor and money, as a first class refrigerator, and I am sure that after having once learned its convenience and economy, no housekeeper will try to get along without this economical household necessity.—'Morning Star.'

A Touch of Motherhood.

A lady-in-waiting to Queen Alexandra told a friend a touching little incident which took place soon after the death of her son, the Duke of Clarence.

The princess, with her usual gentle reticence, tried to hide the grief for her first-born. It was shown only in her failing health and in

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Eighteen sold—No. 1 camera, snapshot or time, 2 1-4 x 2 1-4 inch films.

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Five extra sold—A neat white metal chain, just the thing for the watch.

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increased tender consideration for all around her. One day, while walking with one of her ladies in the quiet lanes near Sandringham, she met an old woman weeping bitterly and tottering under a load of packages. On inquiry it appeared that she was a carrier and made her living by shopping and doing errands in the market-town for the country people.

'But the weight is too heavy at your age,' said the princess.

'Yes, you are right, ma'am. I'll have to give it up, and if I give it up I'll starve. Jack carried them for me—my boy—ma'am.'

'And where is he now?'

'Jack! He's dead! Oh, he's dead!' the old woman cried, wildly.

The princess, without a word, hurried on, drawing her veil over her face to hide her tears.

A few days later a neat little cart with a stout donkey was brought to the old carrier's door. She now travels with them to and fro, making a comfortable living, and has never been told the rank of the friend who has tried to make her life easier for the sake of her dead boy.—Chicago 'Post.'

Medicine for Husbands.

A missionary who works in Morocco tells us that one of the Moorish women came to ask for medicine to make her husband love her. He was talking of divorcing her, and she was in great trouble. The missionary looked at the untidy woman and her dirty hut, and then said: 'I can give you no medicine, but I can tell you what to do. When your husband goes out in the morning, get up and sweep the hut, lay down clean matting, and shake the cushions and mattresses. Then clean the teatray and rub it until it shines. Wash the glasses, and clean the teapot. Put the water on to boil, so that Si Mohammed will not have long to wait for his meal when he comes in. Then wash your own face and hands, put on a clean garment and your best sash, arrange a pretty kerchief on your hair, and put on all your necklaces, earrings and bracelets. When the time comes for him to return, sit on a cushion and look sweet.' While giving this advice the master came in—a man with a long white beard—and reclined on a mattress to listen. 'Thou hast the truth, O my daughter,' he said, when the missionary ceased speaking; 'that is the medicine to make us love our wives.' This advice might well be taken by English, as well as Moorish women, and the medicine could not but have a good effect in the West as in the East.—Selected.

A Protected Home.

The cheerful supper done, wi' serious face,
They round the ingle form a circle wide;
The sire turns o'er, wi' patriarchal grace,
The big ha' Bible, once his father's pride.
He wales a portion with judicious care:
And 'Let us worship God!' he says with solemn air.

The priest-like father reads the sacred page
How Abram was the friend of God on high;
Perhaps the Christian volume is the theme,
How guiltless blood for guilty man was shed;
How He who bore in heaven the second name
Had not on earth whereon to lay his head;
How his first followers and servants sped.

The precepts sage they wrote to many a land.

Then, kneeling down, to heaven's eternal King,
The saint, the father, and the husband,
prays.

The youngling cottagers retire to rest.
The parent-pair their secret homage pay,
And proffer up to heaven the warm request,
That He who stills the raven's clamorous nest,
And decks the lily fair in flowery pride,
Would, in the way his wisdom sees the best,
For them and for their little ones provide;
But chiefly in their hearts with grace divine
preside.
—Burns.

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